

# THE HARVEST

By Jesse Lynch Williams



**A**NSONOM cab came bucking down Madison Avenue with the horse at a lope and his ears thrown back. The driver was whipping excitedly. There was a young man inside, leaning forward, trying to stop the wheels with his hands. The rubber tires only spoiled his gloves, and this seemed to interest him.

Along the sidewalk, going in the same direction, was a girl in gray. No one else was in sight. She drew back, startled, as the cab dashed past, close to the curb.

He had not noticed her, but she had seen him. She had looked up, and then dropped her eyes as though it were not a proper sight for her—it was not; the young man was drunk. Yet she looked up again, gazing, with soft eyes opened wide, at the cab as it echoed down toward the next corner. Now the young man seemed to be trying to get up and jump out, and the cab-driver was leaning back, trying abruptly to stop, as if afraid his "fare" would be hurt. The girl saw them come to a standstill near the sidewalk, saw the driver open the hole in the top of the roof and begin gesticulating angrily. As she approached she heard: "Naw, I won't, I tell you! I don't care *who* you are—I'll drive on to the police station, that's where I'll drive—what's that? Naw—I ain't impertinent, either. I guess I've got some rights. I told you an hour ago I was engaged for six o'clock—what?"

The girl was now near enough to discern the voice from within, a fastidious voice. "'Sif I could help your being engaged for six o'clock," it said; "so stupid of you," and the voice died away as though the speaker was leaning back on the cushions.

"And you can't help getting in trouble, either, if you don't pay your fare and let me go."

"Like to," murmured the voice, "like to s'much. Can't do it. No money, you see. D'y' see my money any place?

Lemme out to get some money. Drive to the——"

The driver seemed to be exasperated. "I'll drive straight to the station!" he shouted, with an oath, gathering up the reins.

"Orright, orright, jussus you say. Have your own way by all means. Sleepy now. Goo' night."

"Wait, driver, how much is it?" The girl in gray said this, and the cabman drew up again, looking behind him; the girl was opening her pocketbook. "How much—quickly!" she said, looking up and down the street. A block off some people were approaching.

"Well, m'am," began the cabbie, "he's had me since——"

"How much?" stamping her foot.

"Four dollars, m'am."

She whisked out a bill and handed it to him, saying: "Drive him home at once—fast—fast as you can. No, you may keep it all. Hurry."

"What address, m'am?"

The girl quickly looked about her; the people were coming nearer. She stepped close to the cab and whispered a number. "Kindly hurry," she said, and moved off.

The driver touched his hat, whipped up and loped off in the other direction. The people approaching now passed the spot where the thing happened, but they had not noticed. It had all taken place in a moment. The girl walked on, holding herself very erect. She was a very young girl.

## II

At last she reached her own room, and letting herself fall down upon the bed—the tears came as fast as they wanted to now. She had held in all the way home. She had even managed to bow to some people, as if nothing had happened.

What had happened was the most overwhelming episode in all her nineteen carefully guarded years. To her it was not a mere episode—it marked an epoch—she

thought she could never be carelessly happy again, that she could never get the scene, with its lurid details, out of her head for a single moment of her future. Clenching her hands at her sides she lay there sobbing and shaking until she heard the dressing-bell ring.

She did not go down to dinner, but she heard the others, and this made her think of her own part in the affair. What she had seen made such an effect upon her that until now she had not stopped to consider what she had done. He was in dire distress and she happened to be there to help him, which was fortunate—that was the only way it had appealed to her. Whether or not he deserved disaster had not occurred to her, perhaps because she was a girl. Nor had the romantic aspect of it struck her—in spite of her being a girl. But now with the sound of family voices and the family dinner below, came the disquieting question, "What would they think; if people we know in that block saw me what *would* they think!" This brought color to her pale cheeks, and made her tell herself, "It was because he is Susan's brother. Could I be expected to stand still and do nothing while they took him away and locked him up, my best friend's brother?" She sat up and declared, "I don't care what anyone thinks." Then suddenly a new horror struck her, "What if *he* saw me—recognized me!" About this she seemed to care very much, for she told herself that then she would rather die than let him come near her again. "But I'm glad I did it," she cried, shaking her head. "Oh, I'm so glad I did it." Then being so glad she lay down and wept more than ever. "He never comes near me, anyway," she sighed plaintively, and by and by fell asleep.

### III

NOT far away, in the same block of sombre, similar houses, lay the young man of the hansom cab, likewise dinnerless.

She need not have been afraid of his knowing who sent him home; he knew nothing about it until the next morning when the servant came who had helped him upstairs.

"None of the family saw you come in,

sir," he said. "It was opera night, and they were dressing for dinner early."

The man in bed growled and asked for another glass of water.

With the water the servant also offered this, "The cabman, sir, was very impertinent to you."

The young man turned over listlessly.

"He was going to have you arrested."

"Was he?" the young man replied, indifferently.

The old servant thought he could awaken a little more curiosity. "Yes, sir," he said, "the cabman told me he was just starting for the Tenderloin police station when—someone appeared and paid the fare."

This received no comment.

"It was a lady, sir."

"Was it?" said the young man, only half interested.

"I thought you might want to know."

"Yes, very unfortunate, very unfortunate," the man in bed replied, and he turned his back with an air of stopping the prattle. He did it rather grandly, as grandly as he could, being in bed. He did not believe in letting them talk, even the old privileged ones. He was always harsh, sometimes unfair, but they all seemed glad to serve him. They adored him, like his dogs.

A few years ago this episode might have appealed to him as something fine. It would have made a good story to tell his pals. Being a little older now, he felt somewhat ashamed, especially at having allowed himself to get that way in daylight.

However, one reason he did not seek more full information was that he had guessed immediately who had saved him from the police and publicity. He guessed wrongly, as wrongly as possible, though in his mind there was no doubt about it, especially as the one in mind was a member of the party with whom he had lunched.

He fully appreciated his good-fortune, for he knew what a calamity it would have been if he had not been rescued. He knew how completely it would overwhelm the family, and delight the rest of the town, to read in the morning papers—they would have been reading it at this very moment, probably—about a drunken

dispute with a cab-driver in which he figured as chief actor.

He was not surprised at her looking out for him ; it was not the first instance of the sort, and he felt duly grateful, and he would show it the next time he saw her, which would be that day. But he did not feel well enough until evening, and then he had another engagement to keep first, a different sort of engagement : He had promised to go with his sister, intending to leave early.

He intended to leave early, but he stayed late, forgetting or neglecting his other plan, and for such a curious reason : His young neighbor was here, his sister's friend, the real one to whom he was indebted—and she ran away from him. So he ran after her. She slipped away again. This interested him—he was not accustomed to such things ; he noticed her now ; he had never noticed her before. He approved of her timidity, thinking it quite becoming and pretty. He was old enough now not to want very young girls, just out, to look him squarely between the eyes and talk, talk, talk breathlessly until they bored him into silence. He did not like them to be so perfectly at their ease and assured. So he ran after her and stayed late, as late as his sister wanted him to, for it had suddenly come over him that a lovely woman had been quietly growing up beside him without his being aware of it. Driving home he said to his sister : "How you little girls grow up," and she, having watched him, as sisters watch, sighed and was glad, for it was what she wanted to happen.

He put off his other plan the next night too, and the next, for he was saying, "Why do you always avoid me, Edith?" and seeming to her very humble and hurt and handsome, but she would not look up at him. "I believe I can make you look up at me," he thought. "I believe I could make you stop avoiding me in time, if I wanted to."

He wanted to, more and more every day, and he no longer had any thought of carrying out his postponed plan. He had ceased going there entirely. The thought of it disgusted him, so he seldom thought of it except to resent that person's having paid his fare and sent him home in a cab ; it seemed so presumptuous, so as if she had a right to. . . . Perhaps that was why

he finally forgot to send a gift of gratitude, or even a message of excuse.

But all this time he was repaying the one to whose kindness he was really indebted, many times over ; he was making her happier than she had ever been before. It was disquieting happiness, perhaps, but she was loved by the man she loved.

#### IV

"DEAREST," he was saying in a troubled voice, "there is something I must speak to you about." His brows took on what seemed to her a strong, imperious scowl. "I have put it off long enough as it is." All the mystery of mannishness seemed to be in that scowl. "I have kept giving myself excuses, but it's because I've been afraid to tell you—afraid it would end everything."

"Don't be afraid, Harry," she said, loving him, "it won't," and she added to herself, "It's what I have been hoping for."

He sincerely desired to be honest and check the matter off in a few generalizations and then drop the subject forever. She was so young and ignorant, he could not go into many details. Besides he was past the age of telling everything. "Edith," he said, "I have lived as most men—" then realizing how stagey that sounded, he concluded—"oh, I am so utterly unworthy of all this, and I want you to know it now, before it is too late." He paused.

"I am listening dear ; go on," she said, with a smile which sometimes came when she thought how strange it was that she could have power over him of all men.

"Well, before I knew you—that is, really knew you—I was what they call a sinful, erring man, I suppose." He smiled self-consciously, then he scowled and looked handsome, feeling foolish and futile.

"Ah, poor old Harry ; never mind then, because, Harry dear, listen, I know about it already." He seemed startled at that. "That time you accidentally took too much champagne, for instance—because you did not realize until too late. There, you see I knew about it all the time. I've forgiven you long ago, Harry," she went on, rapidly, "because I knew it was an accident—I knew you *couldn't* be that kind of

a man. But now you understand why it took me so long to decide; yes, that's why I was so obstinate, as you said. But now—oh, I'm so glad, so glad—you were so noble, Harry, to tell me voluntarily," she ran on, breathlessly: "I knew you would—I kept telling myself you would. It was so hard, too—like pulling out a thorn, wasn't it, dear boy? But it's out now. Harry, shut your eyes." She drew a long breath. "There—" It was the first time she had kissed him.

"I wonder what she refers to?" he asked himself. But he was deeply touched at her gentle guilelessness, and it was with the best of him that he said, in a low voice with no magnificent scowl this time, "Edith, such things, all such things," dropping his eyes, "are done with forever—you are perfectly sure of that, are you not, little girl? You are not afraid? No matter what I may be guilty of?"

"Of course not, Harry; I was sure of you before," she added, confidently, "but I'm so glad you told me; everything is right and clear and beautiful; now there is nothing to mar it. Oh, I trust you so, Harry!" and she looked it.

Her gentle joy over it was painfully beautiful to him; it made her many times more adorable and desirable.

"I suppose," she said, thoughtfully, "you were in bad company—that must have been the reason." She loved him, therefore she would make excuses for him. "Do you know, I had often heard you were in a gay set, but I thought it was because you wanted to do them good; you are so strong."

She let him gain possession of her again, and he held her close to him. "How little I knew this gentle creature," he said to himself, recalling his cynicism. She was what he had often dreamed of but somehow ceased to believe in. "To think that she has been in existence all this time, that I used to pass her house every day." And then he said aloud: "Now we'll talk no more about it, shall we, dear, dear little girl? Not at present at least—I'm afraid I must say more some time—but you will help me to be more worthy of you, won't you, my blessedest, my beloved?" He had not expected to say such things as that, quite. Very tenderly, almost

reverently, he raised her hand to his lips: his eyes were closed. "Now let's talk about how we'll arrange the library," he said, in a brisk tone, feeling a little self-conscious over exposing so much raw emotion. "Why do you look so troubled? Another thorn? Well, let's have it out at once." He laughed easily.

"It's my thorn this time," she said, wrinkling her white brow, "I have a confession to make."

"You? Oh, terrible!" he said, smiling in her clear eyes, but they were quite troubled. Then suddenly he bristled: "Edith," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you once cared for someone else!"

She laughed at him. "No, you great, funny boy, you know it has been you—always you." But she was pleased at the fierce look in his handsome face; he seemed so strong and competent to protect her; a little more of her maiden heart ran out to him just then, and she said: "I mustn't let myself love you so much, Harry," shaking her head gravely, "I think maybe it's wrong." There was a wonderful look in her eyes as she added, "But I want to."

He then undertook to make clear his opinion on the subject.

"And you are sure you love me?" she asked, with a laugh which throbbed from sheer happiness; "I don't mean as much as I do you, because you're only a man——"

But he had answers to such questions too—answers that were as original with this lover as the questions were novel.

She sighed contentedly. "Did you ever guess, Harry, that I was looking at you as you strode by the house? Yes, through the curtains in my room. I used to wait there wondering why you did not come, and when at last you did come by, my heart used to beat so that I could hardly breathe. Then as your broad shoulders—they were these same dear, smoky-smelling shoulders, weren't they?—appeared around the corner I used to wonder what it would be like if you should some day care for me, poor little me! But I thought it could never be. You seemed so much older, and so mysterious. Oh, you used to treat me very kindly, because you are always kind to everyone, but quite as if I were a child;

until suddenly you—you treated me in another way. Why did you, Harry? You were always so big and brave and domineering, and handsome—I suppose you know that."

He smiled. "I'm glad *you* think so, anyway. Go on, little girl, tell me some more," he said, thinking how vastly different this guileless girlishness was from the coquetry and sham he had begun to expect of all women when known well enough.

"No," she answered, "I must make my confession. All that was a sort of prelude to it, you know; I was leading up to it all this time." She was the one to be self-conscious now. They were not yet used to being engaged. "It is somehow hard for me to speak of it," she began; "it isn't exactly a confession, anyway. First, tell me—I should hate to have you think I'm prying into your affairs; but I want to know something in particular about that afternoon?"

"What afternoon?"

"The time I was just speaking of—the time in the cab, when you—when someone paid your fare."

He seemed startled.

"At least," she added, biting her lip, "I understand that someone paid your fare."

"Good Heavens!" he was saying to himself, "did this blessed angel see me from her window, coming home *that* time?" His alarm drove the word "confession" out of his head, but it never would have occurred to him what she had to confess, for she did not seem to be the daring sort. He was busy thinking; he wondered who could have seen him, and how much of the story had come to her.

"You never found out who it was?" She could not help asking it.

He laughed awkwardly, "I never investigated the matter."

"Did you—did you ever hear that it was a *girl*?"

"Edith!" he exclaimed, "what meddlesome busybody told you this? I mean put such notions into your head?"

"But you know then that it *was* a girl—you know that much at least?"

"Yes, I know that much. But, what of it? Let's not waste any more time over it. Naturally this subject is unpleas-

ant because—well, for a number of reasons, which I'll explain some time."

"What kind of a girl, Harry, do you think would do such a thing? It was a daring thing to do, bold almost, was it not? I know how you hate boldness in girls. Tell me, what do you think of such a person?" She did not see him turn scarlet because she was looking down at the rug, just as he was doing. Only, she was smiling; he was not.

Recovering himself he said, in a reproving tone, "Now, Edith, you have no right to make such insinuations."

She stopped smiling and looked puzzled. "Insinuations?"

"Yes—I say you have no right to assume that that girl was not just as proper a person as yourself," he replied, being on the defensive.

She managed to keep from laughing and said: "But I didn't assume anything, Harry, except that she must be someone"—now she pretended to be still more grave—"someone who cared very much for—"

"Oh," he replied, "women are always jealous!"

"—For your mother or your sister, I was going to say, or for your family name," she added, demurely.

Inwardly the young man could not help even now smiling pityingly at her guileless ignorance, but it was not a comfortable smile. He made no reply and kept staring at the rug.

"I wonder why he isn't more interested," she mused, disappointed, for she had practised this little farce many times with herself and meant to have some fun with it, and meant to have him see how much she had dared for his sake. "Harry," she said, leaning over toward him, "didn't you ever try to guess who it was?"

"To tell the truth, I hadn't thought very much about it."

"Oh!" she answered, "an unknown girl rescues you from a police station—saves you from disgrace and—why, Harry, you must have thought about it a little."

"That's so," he mentally poked himself, mopping his brow, "I must have." But he ventured no reply. It made him feel weak to be reminded of that other person, and all that she stood for, by this

fair young girl and all that she meant to him now.

If he had only been looking at her he could not have been blind to the fun in her eyes, but somehow he did not feel like looking at her eyes just now. "I don't want to talk about anything but you, little girl," he said. "I don't care who it was, and there's an end to the matter—now let's talk about the house."

She did not want him not to care. "I do think, though, Harry," she said, "that at least you'd want to find out who it was, so as to—well, thank her."

"But I don't," said he, and being excited his tone was brusque—unnecessarily emphatic, she thought.

"Then I say that you are very ungrateful and I'm disappointed in you," she rejoined, somewhat in earnest now. She had never seen him in this strange, abrupt mood before. She would put an end to it; so she leaned over to him, put her hand on his arm, and with a wistful look in her eyes said, "Maybe, maybe that girl cared for *you*, though, whether you cared for her or not."

He started so suddenly that she snatched her hand away again, saying, "Why, what's the matter?"

"You don't know anything about it," he said. "That wouldn't make any difference anyway—I don't care a snap of my fingers for her, I tell you—whoever she may be. I should think you would believe me!"

He thought that was what she wanted, but it stung like a whip. "It ought to make a difference," she murmured, insistently. "You might consider her a little in the matter, it seems to me."

"But I say I do *not* consider her in the matter," he snapped out excitedly. "As far as I'm concerned, it's the same as if she were dead."

And now she was more than hurt, angered at his amazing lack of appreciation for all she had done, at such a risk. "Then I say," and she said it with much more decision than he supposed she possessed, "I say it is your duty to consider her in the matter! I say that if you do not, you are not the man I thought you were—and I don't see how I can marry such a man!"

"Really, Edith," he replied, trying to

be calmly superior to the unreasonableness of girls, "we are almost losing our tempers. I'm sorry to seem harsh with you, dearie, but really I must decline to discuss this matter any longer."

"Oh, must you!"

"Yes, little girl, you don't at all understand, and this is no time to explain it."

"Indeed!" she cried, springing up wrathfully, "perhaps I understand it already—better than you, perhaps!"

He too jumped up, shot with bewildering alarm at the confident tone of her words.

"Oh, think a minute," she cried, talking rapidly. "Suppose it had reached Papa's ears—you couldn't have come here—we couldn't have been engaged—don't look at me like that, you know it is true, and it was all because—oh, you make me so ashamed to tell you now who it was—because she loved you so! loved you better than herself—don't you see what I mean? Even then when you did not care a snap of your fingers—oh," she cried out, piteously, covering her tears and shame with her hands, "who else could it have been?"

Then in the strange voice of a man in a panic she heard, "Then that woman has turned up here, after all!"

The girl uncovered her eyes and looked at him. "Woman, Harry? What woman?" But he only bit his lips and stared at her in horror at what he had heard his voice say, and what she would never forget.

She started to speak again and then stopped; she let her eyes rest on him a little longer, then dropped her gaze and stepped back. He, staring at her, saw the ghastly light of understanding come over the maiden face. "You have made a mistake," he heard her say, quietly; "I was the one. I sent you home in the cab. I thought—well, it's no matter now." She was moving still farther from him.

He said nothing. In sheer amazement his mouth had dropped open and he leaned forward, his hands on the back of the chair, staring at her without a word. Though he knew his future depended on what he might now say, he kept thinking of what, in his complete bewilderment, he had already said, and he stood there in silence, feeling as impotent to drive away



that pitiful look of shame and intelligence from the face of the maid he loved, as to put back the tears which had fallen to the rug beneath their feet.

She had pressed both her hands to her cheeks—an unconscious characteristic, very dear to him—and now he heard her whimpering, like a terror-stricken child in the dark: "Oh, say it isn't true, Harry! I won't believe it, Harry! You of all men! Harry, you aren't saying anything to me! Oh," she wailed, "you can't answer!" Convulsively her hands pressed over her eyelids, and sinking down on the sofa she buried her face in the sofa-cushion, quivering. "And I loved you so!" he heard her whisper.

He walked to the end of the room. He came half way back. He wet his lips. "What you fear is true," he began, then he had to wet his lips again. "Probably you could not make it too strong. No, I have nothing to deny. This is indeed a fine return for what you did for me."

He paused for a moment, shuddering at the sight of the slender young figure cowering before his words. "It doesn't matter now," sobbed the voice from the sofa. "Please to go away." She seemed so pitifully young and innocent.

"O God!" he whispered, "why did it have to happen in this way?" Then with an effort, pulling himself together, he said, shaking his head: "I am not going to offer any excuses. Even if I could, I would not go into the details. Such things are not for your ears, that's why I did not tell you about it, though I meant you to know—I had no intention of letting you remain ignorant of it. You'll just have to believe that. You do believe it, don't you?"

"Please to stay over there!" said the muffled voice.

"Over here?" he said, biting his lips as he moved back. "Very well, I shall stand back here if you wish it." Then forgetting the calm words he intended to speak, "Ah, Edith," he broke out, "don't send me off like this; even a criminal has a right to speak before he is sentenced. You have a right to sentence me, but let me speak first. You owe it to me. You owe it to yourself. This is to be a decision for life. You must not make it in the mood of this moment.

You must wait, you must be calm. All this seems awful to you now, I know. To a mind like yours, brought up as you have been brought up, I must seem like a horror, I know. Something repellent—diseased—oh, I know! I have no right to resent it, I suppose, but you must wait before you decide. That is all I ask of you. Oh, you would not be the first one to forgive a thing of this sort—a thing which began and ended before you came into my life, which never would have happened at all, Edith, if I had been blessed with your love earlier in my life. Edith, you know that, you believe that, you will give me credit for that much, will you not?"

He waited.

"Yes," she said, faintly, but she did not raise her head.

"And, Edith," he went on, "you could trust me now; you could not fear that ever at any time in the future—surely you could not fear that I, having you—oh, it's too awful, too impossible to mention. You know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"And you would not fear?"

"No."

"And, Edith," he said, in a low voice, dropping his gaze, "you do not imagine—you do not think that there is any—any echo of that, of all that, which could come into the future, our future—do you?"

An almost imperceptible shudder went over her, but she made no reply.

"Well, there is not," he said, uncomfortably. "You believe me?"

"Yes," she said, "I will believe anything you say." Her dispassionate tones alarmed him much more than would have the tears and rage of jealousy.

"Then, oh, Edith, my beloved, believe that you can forgive—yes, even this, my darling, in time. Oh, I know you can! I know you better than you know yourself. I know the great woman heart you have, there—you, why, you are capable of forgiving anything, and of loving the more for it. Ah, you know it is true, Edith; look up at me, my love! look up at me! come back to me! Forgive me."

He waited in silence. After awhile she said, speaking in her rapid way: "I have nothing to forgive. You did not intend even to deceive me—you were

going to tell me all along, were you not? You said so. I believe you. It all happened long ago. Men are so tempted. I have nothing to forgive." Then she lifted her head from the sofa and, looking at him searchingly, said, more deliberately, as though she had thought it all out carefully, "You could not have gone to her, even once!"

"But, Edith, Edith," he began, perplexedly, and she interrupted, shaking her head—"or else you would have found out your mistake about the cab that day. Oh, think of it—not even once!"

"But, Edith," he exclaimed, amazed at her unaccountableness, "I loved you so—don't you see? I could not bear the thought of anyone else."

"You did not so much as *think* of her? After all she had been to you, all she had done for you?"

Baffled, he cried: "Oh, why do you harp on that! Why do you take this queer, unreasonable attitude? You are only a young girl, you are very ignorant of life and all that, but you must understand, you must imagine how abhorrent the thought of all that has been to me ever since I found *you*! Why, it would have sickened me to go there. Don't you see—can't you understand—it's all a sort of nightmare to me now!"

"There!" she broke out, no longer calm, "don't you see—don't you see for yourself what you have done, what it all means—don't you see what it shows! O-oh, it would have sickened *you*! it was abhorrent to *you*; *you* couldn't stand it—*you*, always *you*—but never so much as a thought for that other——"

"But, little girl——"

"No!" she cried, shrilly, springing up, "no! I am a little girl no longer! I am a full-grown woman now with knowledge of right and wrong. You have initiated me. See how old I have grown; see, I can stand here and look you in the face and discuss these things with you, my

friend's brother—things I never named before. But I must consider them—it *is* a decision for life. Listen to me—I could forgive it all, I did forgive some things—oh, I enjoyed forgiving, Harry. In time, perhaps, I could forgive even the rest, as you say others before me have done—weakly, selfishly forgave because they could not have what they wanted without forgiving—but, ah, they were never made to see what I have seen in this hour. Oh, yes, I know I'm only a girl; I don't know much about 'life,' but there is one thing I know—you have made me know, you have made me see you as no girl about to be married ever saw her lover before. I see you not with my own, dazzled, girlish eyes, but with the eyes of that other woman. She loves you, loves you better than herself, although you have cast her off like a—like a necktie you no longer fancied! How do I know? You have as much as told me; why did she not come here as you thought she had done? She loved you too much—she loves you even now while you stand here telling me how sick the thought of her makes you feel. Don't look at me like that! Can you deny any of what I say? Your face shows it's true! She is loving you even now and keeping out of your way so that you may seek your happiness as you please, untrammelled by her—and you are not even grateful, or sorry, or pitiful! Do you wonder that I mistrust you, and fear you, and hate you—just in time? Now you must go—no, it is not what you did in the past—go, go—but what you are as a result of all that—go, now, please to go—with the power to sympathize burned out of you—now go."

He looked at the girl for a moment and then turned to leave the room. "And the pity of it is," he sighed aloud, "that you would have been so happy—if you had not found it out."

"For how long?" she asked.

But this question was left unanswered.